"A Mother's Love."

We love the friends our hearts hold dear,
  Our sisters and our brothers,
But most of all we ought to love
  Our dear devoted mothers.
Although this world is dark and drear,
  Its joys partake of sadness,
Yet now and then there will appear
  A beam of love and gladness.

A friend may love us long and well,
  And cling through joy and sadness,
But then some evil cursed spell
  May chill his love to-morrow!
But firmer than the love of friends,
  And stronger than all other,
The purest love that we can know
  Is that of our dear mother.

A sister's love is fond and true,
  And full of tender feeling,
Appreciated by the few,
  And often unrevealing,
But dearer than a sister's love,
  And fonder than all others,
The dearest, sweetest love on earth
  Is a devoted mother's.

A brother's love is firm and true,
  A father loves us longer,
A wife's devotion greater still,
  And her affection stronger;
But dearer than those loves combined,
  And sweeter than all others,
There is no love as true and kind
  As a devoted mother's.

They tell that spirits hover, round,
  From evil to defend us;
That friends whom once we knew on earth,
  In heaven may still befriend us;
But dearer here than angel's love,
  And purer than all others,
The love on earth we need the most,
  Is a devoted mother's.

Then let us prize our mothers more,
  While they are left to love us;
And cherish in our hearts their words,
  If now they watch above us;
And not forget or treat with slight,
  That love above all others,
Which filled, forever burning bright,
  The hearts of our dear mothers.

—Selected by Mrs. Susan Shanabarger.

Sympathy.

BY LAURA SLOTTER.

"Little sympathies with grief
More than aught will give relief."

During the last few months there have been, even to our limited knowledge, many hearts stricken with grief on account of the loss of dear friends. We try to sympathize, and ask the Lord to be with and console them, even as he did us when it was ours o pass through such hours of sadness. Those of us who have watched and prayed with almost breathless anxiety, for the recovery of sick loved ones, surely know how to sympathize. Thus far my own have been spared, but many dear friends have crossed

"The Stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide."

and left me weeping on this side. Oh! let us as Christians, ever sympathize with the broken hearted. An unknown writer says: "Of all returnings, that one 'after the funeral' is the saddest." Who will say it is not so that has followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick, we went in and out, anxiously sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve, and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the fear of losing him excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation, in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild. While he lay dead beneath the home roof, there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the funeral rites, friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, and mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for, all is excitement, the loss is not perceived in its greatness. But "after the funeral" after the bustle has all subsided, and things begin to move as usual, then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral; though its threshold be still trodden by friendly feet, it is as if empty. The apartments, how deserted! especially the room where he surrendered in the last conflict. There are his clothes, there his books, there his hat and cane, there his ever-vacant chair at the family board. During his sickness we had not so much noticed these things, for we hoped that he might use or occupy them again. But now we know it cannot be, and we perceive the dreadful vacuity every where. Oh how dark and cheerless the night shadows come down after the funeral! No moon or stars ever shone so dimly; no darkness ever seemed so utterly dark. The tickings of the clock resound like bell-strokes all over the house. Such deep silence! no footsteps now on the stairs or over head, in the sick chamber; no nurse or watchers come and say "He is not so well, and asks for you." No, indeed, you may "sleep on now and take your rest" if you can. Ah, poor bereaved heart! it will be long before the sweet rest you once knew will revisit your couch. Slumber will bring the scenes again through which you just passed, and you will start from it but to find them all too real. God pity the mourner "after the funeral," and may we too.—Columbiana, O.

Hope.

BY MRS. E. MURRAY SIGERFOOSE.

In that Christian hope, which in stormy adversity lifts the seeking eyes to the contemplation of that sure reward, eternal and undisturbed rest and happiness in anticipation of that which is to come, there is much comfort. If you, my readers, who have been accustomed to the sound of the Gospel until the story of the Cross becomes old to your sense of understanding, would suffer your imagination to paint to your minds the absence of hope, you would be surprised to find what an essential part of yourself, spiritually speaking, it had become though unaroused and hardly understood. Verily hope maketh glad the heart. No imagination, however viewed, could paint all the blackness of its absence. Hope in God. Hope in the best offered to us, physically and spiritually. If in all the seeming inexplicable mistakes of life,—blunders that to our short-sighted eyes seem irreparable, we were forced to see no Providential power shaping the end—"shaping our ways." If, in those sudden, heartfelt cries for help for consolation, amid sorrows and troubles human power cannot avert, we felt no answer returned, if behind incomprehensible mishaps, impenetrable darkness ahead, no belief, no guide, no trust, no light, no refuge, no prospect of rising above or passing around, nothing left but the empty words of "Fate" and "Destiny," to buoy the sinking, desolate soul. Is there any state in wretchedness to be compared to this? The soul, that "parcel and part" of Divinity cries out in pain, the human shudders and shrinks at there being nothing but these perishing things of earth wherewith to fill the treasure house of the soul. Nay, verily, the gray head and feeble steps of trembling age, the fallen fortunes of philosopher, priests and famous men of every clime, bears witness to the word.

From fallen kingdoms and the dust of kings,
From Time's vast storehouse this truth e'er comes,
From Egypt's pyramidial graves,
Through Time's dim distant aisles,
From the Dead Sea's silent waves,
From Rome's gray ruined piles,
From falling throne and rotting bier,
Forgotten voices of the dead arise
To plead the vanity of earthly fame."

Bristol, Indiana.

Why Hating Does not Pay.

It is not worth while to hate. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will and hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you like a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "understand country"? All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasures, much pain, a little longer hurrying, worrying in the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and life will be over, and the injurer and the injured will be laid away, and ere long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other.—SELECTED.

It is no help to the sailor to see a flash of light across a dark sea, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.—F. R. Havergal.

It is far more important for the welfare of the future man that he should find the right school than the right college.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.—Evangelical Messenger.

The deepest trust leads to the most powerful action. It is the silencing oil which makes the machinery obey the motive power with the greatest readiness and result.

Spirit, Soul and Body.

BY E. MASON.

The text containing these words, as given in the Revised Version is: The God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Keep in mind that this hope and prayer of the writer is that this sanctification or preservation in piety may take place in this life. There is a danger that amidst the conflicting theories and great excitements of modern theology that man will lose his identity in this great matter of salvation. There is a kind of a partly matured idea ignorantly taught, that is liable to deceive one and prove disastrous to his individuality.

It is not "my soul" that Jesus died to save, but "me." He loved "me" and gave himself for "me". Now the question is, what does this mean? Is the soul all there is of a man that needs redemption, and the application of the blood or life of Christ? No, the whole nature of man—spirit, soul and body—needs redemption and purification.

The word "entire," in the text, is very important. The Greek for it is a very interesting one. In the words of Archbishop Trench the o "signifies, first, that which retains all that was allotted to it at the first. Next, that integrity of body with nothing redundant—nothing deficient—which was required of the Levitical priests as a condition of their ministering at the altar."—*Synonyms of the Greek Text.* Now in the passage before us it was but a natural application of the word when it here refers to the moral image of integrity, forbidding and sundering of what God has blended together—the physical, the mental and the spiritual nature of man.

Under the Jewish dispensation, when religion was more literal than modern theology desires to teach, and when God taught men by object lessons, this religious integrity was insisted upon. No priest might take part in the special work of the temple who was "a blind man, or lame, or that had a flat nose, or anything superfluous." (Lev. 21: 18.) No dwarf or deformed man was to minister at the altar, No penalty lay upon him, only that his deformity cut him off from being in holy things a representative man before God and the people. Under the Christian dispensation where all are priests, we can easily see the lesson. The law demanded in its priests bodily integrity, the Gospel demands spiritual integrity. Therefore the prayer of the apostle has a deep meaning, that the "entire" nature of man be redeemed. Let us see how these different parts that constitute man, may become deformed, and render him absolutely unfit to be priest of God, and from which he needs to be redeemed.

There are sins against the body. Intemperance, insobriety, unchastity. In a very literal sense they mutilate the body. Many a good man, pardoned, washed and redeemed, "enter into life maimed" through the sins and follies of youth.

There are sins against the mind. How many dwarfs and stunts and cripples in the mind! How often have we heard the cry of intoleration against education. Every avenue to knowledge firmly closed with a determination that would be creditable in a better cause. There is, it is true, a bastard knowledge that merely "puffs up" without edifying. The light of the body is the eye, and the light of the soul is the intellect, and if the eye be single, the whole soul shall be full of light. Those who shut up their souls in darkness, and will not improve the talents God has given them, and remain in obstinate and willful ignorance, stunt the growth of the soul, and become a mental deformity.

Then there are sins against the spirit. There are sins against our own spirit, sins that vex and greive the Spirit of God. All these sins disfigure the nature of man. We speak of crabbed Christians, of willful Christians, of narrow and prejudiced Christians, of fierce and bitter Christians. *Are not these blemishes. It is that these deformities may not exist in the soul, spirit and body that the apostle prays. These are moral blemishes and deformities from which Christ came to redeem it.

*A crooked temper is a worse disqualification for the priesthood than a crooked back, a dull, heavy, flat, earthly spirit is a greater hindrance than a "flat nose;" and what can be more superfluous than a bitter and overbearing spirit.